THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

December, 1803.

MRS. C. WORTHINGTON.

[With an elegant Portrait.]

MRS. C. WORTHINGTON is the daughter of Captain Ley, of the Berington East-Indiaman, who, at a very early period of his life, sailed round the world with Admiral Byron. Our readers will form some idea of her early perfection in beauty and accomplishments, when they are told, that at the age of sixteen, she had captivated the heart of Mr. Tickell, who had, for his former wife, the sister of the lovely Mrs. Sheridan. Richard Tickell, Esq. was one of the Commissioners of the Stamp-Office; and will be recollected by many of our readers, as author of the famous pamphlet, intitled, "Anticipation;" in which, with a master's hand, he touched the manner of our most celebrated parliamentary speakers. By him she became a mother at seventeen, in their apartments at the palace of Hampton Court; where, also, she witnessed the bitter catastrophe which made her a widow before she was nineteen. Mr. Tickell had a custom of sitting to read on a kind of platform before his window, in one of the upper apartments of the palace; which was constantly kept filled with flower-pots, to increase the pleasure he took in this situation. The carriage was waiting in the middle of the day, to convey himself and family to town for the winter. Mrs. T. the subject of our present memoir, had only left the room for a moment, little thinking the next would present

her husband to her a corpse. Missing him on her return, she ran to a chamber that commanded a view of the garden beneath, where she beheld him lying on the ground; and, before she could reach the fatal spot, he had breathed his last: but through what accident he had been precipitated into this awful situation, is not, nor ever can be, ascertained. This happened in the beginning of November, 1793. She remained his truly mourning widow for several years, when she was again married to Major Worthington, her present husband. The former years, after this union, were mostly spent in travel. The latter she has passed in a state of rural retirement in a cottage in Devonshire.

Her musical powers, her exquisite talent for drawing, added to her personal charms, have always rendered her the admiration of the high circles in which she has moved.

OLD WOMAN.

NO. LXIV.

To MADELINE *.

FREQUENT experience, and constant observation, confirm the dangerous and often fatal consequences of early imprudent attachments. Nothing can be more severe to a heart of any sensibility, than to learn to bear disappointment, where it had placed its fondest hopes of happiness; yet this is a lesson, which, without any blame to individuals, unavoidable circumstances, and even the lot of human nature, will often oblige us to acquire.

Such, however, are the fond delusions of love, at that early period of life when fancy dresses objects in the most attractive colours, and reflection withholds her

* See last Month's Museum.

her mirror, that it is as vain to caution against their influence, as it is difficult to advise the sufferer how to act, when long-indulged plans of enjoyment are about to vanish from the sight.

It has ever been a maxim with me, to dissuade young persons, whose union must depend on remote contingencies, from forming any partial attachments. However anxious they may be to fulfil every engagement of the heart with the most scrupulous regard to honour, a thousand unforeseen accidents may frustrate their best intentions; and thus, instead of promoting each others happiness, they will be the means of entailing misery, which will, to every generous soul, be aggravated by the consideration that it cannot be borne alone.

Love, though frequently irresistible when once indulged, may easily be guarded against at first. As for those who fancy they are attached to every person that happens to please the eye, their passion is too gross to deserve consideration. A woman who falls in love with a fellow in a red coat, with whom, perhaps, she has only danced once at a ball, and of whose character and behaviour she is totally ignorant, can scarcely be mentioned with any regard to delicacy: she may be an object of censure—she cannot of pity.

It is far otherwise, however, with those who are unfortunately involved in the misfortunes that Madeline so feelingly describes. Common as her case may be, from want of early foresight, it is not the less to be lamented; and if any thing I can say could pour balm into her wounds, I should think myself happy indeed. She states that her lover has not been able to realize the hopes he had indulged, that he is threatened with being disinherited, and that he is unwilling to reduce her to a lower sphere than that in which she has been accustomed to move. At the same time, she throws out no insinuations against his sincerity, nor gives us to understand, that he makes use of false pleas to obtain her consent to withdraw. He seems

to possess an honest pride, delicate feelings, and a sense of moral rectitude, and it would become her, if possible, to regulate her affections by the same principles. I say if possible; for should she, after a due examination of her heart, be convinced that she cannot relinquish the object of her regard without a struggle too violent to be borne, should she revolt at the idea of ever receiving the addresses of another, it would, in that case, behove her to ascertain, with certainty and precision, the motives which actuate her Henry; and if she finds that he still prefers her to all other women, and is swayed only in his present estrangement, by a delicate, though mistaken, regard for her welfare, in the situation to which she is reduced, it could not be improper to avow the permanence of her attachment, and her unalterable resolution to adhere to his fortunes, whether prosperous or adverse. Yet, before I conclude, I wish to repeat my caution, that she diligently examine her own heart, and fairly and impartially weigh the views and designs of her lover. By such means alone can she decide with prudence; and whoever violates the dictates of prudence, in compliance with the momentary suggestions of love, will be sure to bring on herself a deep and lasting repentance.

Perhaps Madeline may imagine, that my doctrine savours too much of the frigidity of age, and may be ready to exclaim,

> Of all the lessons taught a lover yet,
> The hardest science sure, is to forget.

I am not so old, however, as to deny the truth of this maxim: I have even admitted its force and justice by some of my previous remarks; but as a faithful counseller, I must not mislead my client, nor promise success where disappointment may reasonably be expected.

In short, to speak plain on an important subject, in the present advanced state of luxurious refinement, and in compliance with established habits and customs, a certain

a certain degree of independence is necessary for cultivated minds, before they tie the indissoluble knot, however fondly they may fancy they love. According to the manner in which they have been brought up, or the sentiments they may have imbibed, the quantum may be more or less; and it may originate with the man or the woman; but in every case, one of the parties should possess such a share of the gifts of fortune, or be placed in such a situation of life, as to preclude the fear of urgent want.

A very small sum of money indeed, a very moderate appointment, will enable some to make a better figure, and to enjoy more happiness, than others with ample revenues and resources. Diligence, œconomy, love, and content, will go a great way to overcome difficulties, and to make the married state easy, and even delightful; while, on the other hand, extravagance and dissipation, a restless disposition, and a heart without affections, will render the largest possessions unavailable to secure felicity. But, after all, the fondest love will have much to suffer under the pressure of poverty; and the reflection, that the one has contributed to involve the other, will add poignancy to every real calamity, and give additional gloom to every unfavourable prospect.

One of our most sagacious moralists * has remarked, somewhat paradoxically I confess, "that marriages might be as happy as they now are, were they made by the Lord Chancellor, after a due regard being paid to the situation and different circumstances of the parties." This position may appear strange to those who have had little experience in the world, and whose unsophisticated bosoms, and ardent expectations, revolt at the idea of prudential arrangements, and who imagine that

——love alone can answer love,
And render bliss secure.

Yet, to treat the hypothesis with gravity, were the first functionary of the law in this country to match the candidates

* Dr. Johnson.

candidates for matrimony, we should not see him so far forgetting natural equity, and the maxims of common sense, as to link youth to age, wisdom to folly, gentleness to perverseness, or vigour to disease. We should not see old women of seventy, buying, with their whole fortune, a boyish husband; nor an old man in his dotage, cutting off the just hopes of his heirs, by making a settlement on a girl in her teens, who, speculating on a speedy liberation from the drudgery of a nurse, is willing to sacrifice herself for a term of years, in order to enjoy future independence. We should not see deformity, accompanied with wealth, disposed of in preference to humble worth and beauty; nor the fool of fortune gaining the hand of a woman of sense and understanding, while her heart, as must naturally be expected, was wholly estranged from the union.

This fanciful idea has probably carried me too far. I am well aware how much, and how justly in general, my sex pride themselves on the purity and firmness of their attachments, and how sincerely they despise a woman who is swayed by mercenary maxims. But are they proof against vanity also? will not a title and an equipage dazzle those whom gold could never bias? and who, will they give me leave to ask, is most culpable; she who grasps at a substance, or she who catches at a shadow?

Eager to seize every opportunity of proving my zeal in the service of the young and inexperienced, I have expatiated on the subject beyond what Madeline's application may seem to warrant or require; but conscious of the integrity of my motives, I have nothing to fear from my readers in general; and I will indulge the hope, that if I have not been able materially to oblige or assist the person who prompted this lucubration, she will take my well-meant endeavours in good part, and be assured of the constant regard, and sincere good wishes, of the

OLD WOMAN.

LOVE.

A DISPUTATION.

Love comforteth like sunshine after rain;
But lust's effect is tempest after sun:
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain;
Lust's winter comes e'er summer half be done.
Love surfeits not; Lust like a glutton dies:
Love is all truth; Lust full of forged lies.

SHAKESPEARE.

IT was one evening in College, over a friendly glass of wine, that our conversation happened to turn on the variety of sentiments introduced in the Greek plays. We seemed unanimously to agree in the beauty and propriety of so many moral and elegant remarks; when I happened jocosely to say, that either Euripides, or his printer, were tipsey, when employed in one of the sentences of Medea; for I could not possibly agree with it. The passage I alluded to is this—Βροτοῖς ἔρωτες ὡς κακὸν μέγα!—*How great a curse is love to mortals!* Now, by the alteration of only a single letter, the word κακον (a curse) becomes καλον (a blessing.) My friend took up the objection rather warmly; insisted that love, with all its pleasures, was rather to be avoided than courted, and supported his opinion partly in the following words:—Love, if considered without prejudice, and judged of from the effects it in general produces, will be found to tend more to our detriment than our felicity. If we call to mind the many and great calamities it has occasioned in every age, and in every country, we ought rather to shun it as an evil Dæmon, than court it as a gentle God. What first effected the destruction of Troy? What first set Achilles and Agamemnon at enmity? What withheld Mark Anthony from the empire of the world? What, but that destructive and pernicious passion Love? But these are merely trifling instances, compared with those with which every history abounds. Does not every poem hold forth some love-tale of sorrow? Is not every tragedy marked with some direful catastrophe resulting from this passion? Is not the life

life of almost every individual, at some time or other, embittered by it? I grant, indeed, that love has many sweets—so has the berry of the night-shade, though tainted with poison: yet, you will say, it is fair and pure—so is the hoar-frost that nips the tender bud. But this, perhaps, may be too much like raphsody; I will be plain with you. Let me deliberately ask you,—have you not yourself seen children at variance with parents — brothers with brothers— friends with friends—families with families—and all this variance occasioned by this passion Love? There are instances occur almost daily, of a most strict and long-established friendship ending through this passion, in an irreconcileable separation. But I speak of families—let me come to individuals—can there be any thing more ridiculous than a lover? Can any thing be more nugatory than his conduct and actions? One would think he was destitute of reason, who would sit silent and absent amid the mirth and harmony of his friends—who would lie sleeplesss and uneasy for whole nights on his couch—who would neglect the noble pursuits of science and literature—who would fly to the solitary woods and mountains, sighing to the gales, and conversing with the trees—shunning society, and making himself unhappy—impairing his bodily health, and enfeebling the powers of his mind—and spending the happiest and most precious hours of his youth in solitary wretchedness—and all this for some silly girl! An elegant and greatly sdmired poet says, that

"A lover is the very fool of Nature,
"Made sick by his own wantonness of thought,
"And fever'd fancy."

Yet (strange to tell) I have known young men of genius, learning, and abilities—men having the most sanguine hopes of preferment — sacrifice themselves thus to this ridiculous passion. Is there not our fellow-collegian Philogenes—do not we all esteem him—do not we all admire him—and do not we all pity him? Pity his sad falling off from every noble pursuit, to

" Sigh

"Sigh like a furnace with a woeful ballad
"Made to his mistress' eye-brow."

It was but the other night he left us abruptly—though he had invited us to spend the evening with him before he went off by the coach. Will not you laugh, when I tell you that he was going to travel all that night to see his mistress? He could not sit comfortably with us, but must go and walk eight or ten miles on the road for the coach to overtake him; though at the same time he well knew he could not see her a moment sooner than six the next morning. Now only let me reasonably ask you—is not this ridiculous? But this is not all—our friend Philogenes is just the character I have been describing—the real lover—the real simpleton!

If thus then the noblest minds are corrupted, the firmest alliance shaken, and the greatest misfortunes occasioned by Love, I must needs say, that Love is *as great a curse as can befal mankind.*

Here my friend ceased: whether because he could sum up no more arguments, or because he thought these sufficient, I will not pretend to say: but, indeed, I could not but smile, to observe how carefully he had picked out every unfavourable circumstance that occurred, and set them down without assigning them any cause. I must confess I was rather unprepared for a reply to so unexpected an argument: but a mind fixed and determined to any particular opinion, is seldom at a loss to defend it. I answered something to the following purpose:—

Since Love has Nature for its basis, and is one of the gifts of Providence more immediately to man than any other part of the creation, it would seem impious to say it had a tendency to our detriment. I need not inform you, that the richest blessings that heaven can bestow, may be converted to curses by the mis-application of ignorant and presumptuous man. The knife which in the hand of a murderer destroys life, may, in the hand of a surgeon, restore it. But let me come nearer the subject. You say, Love was

the destruction of Troy. You seem to forget yourself; for can you call that passion *Love* which instigated Paris to seek the wife of Menelaus? And you must also very well know, that the quarrel of the two Grecian heroes you mention, was occasioned by no more than a common strumpet. And as to the affair of Anthony and Cleopatra, every one knows that Lust, not Love, bore the principal part: two passions, though diametrically opposite, which are often (I am sorry to say it) confused and mistaken for each other. I allow, indeed, that every history, and every poem, are replete with misfortunes arising from a crossed or misplaced love: yet you seem to forget that the same histories, and the same poems, contain also the most happy events arising from this passion. Have you forgot Ulysses and Penelope?—Have you forgot Pliny and Calphurnia?—Have you forgot Cicero and Terentia?—tales in the mouth of every schoolboy! Love, then you say, has bitters with its sweets—for I see even *you* allow it *some* sweets. But then it has bitters: pray is there any state in life, or any blessing we enjoy, unmixed with its adverse quality? Every poet will tell you, that the sweetest rose has a thorn; but would any man be so silly as to throw away a peach, because it had a stone in it?

Then you talk of variance in families, children and parents. Why, you never heard of any thing of that kind happening, but where obstinacy got the better of reason. Are not you aware parents may be misled by interest—or children by imprudence?

As to that part of a lover's conduct which you call ridiculous, I am sure a good-natured and friendly company would look upon it with more pleasure than disgust. And to quote a poet for your authority, is no authority at all; for I can quote the very same poet, in the very same play, to tell you that

"I have for love a thousand thousand reasons,
"Dear to the heart, and potent o'er the soul;
"My ready thoughts all rising, restless all,
"Are a perpetual spring of tenderness."

But

But when you talk of a lover courting solitude amid the wild and romantic scenes of a forest, I am surprised you seem to forget how greatly a generous and scientific mind is elevated by the contemplation of the works of Nature. I am, indeed, very far from being an enemy to social life; but at the same time must confess that solitude has many delightful hours, not only for lovers, but for all of liberal and noble minds. Lastly, you speak of your friend Philogenes. I allow, indeed, that we all esteem him—but I cannot say I ever *pitied* him. What! pity a man who acknowledges himself to be superlatively happy. Believe me, Sir, I have seen much of the company of Philogenes, and have every reason to suppose him, not only a learned and sensible, but a good and happy man. And the very passion which you say has injured him—has been the sole source of the good qualities for which we admire him. Who ever saw Philogenes drunk? Who ever saw him guilty of those vices and intemperances to which so many young men fall a prey? Believe me, Sir, he has often told me, in private, that was it not for his love, he should have been a ruined man e'er this; but whenever he feels a temptation to deviate from the paths of virtue, he is instantly checked by the idea of its rendering him despicable in the eyes of her he loves. As to his little foibles, who cannot forgive them? And the trifling circumstance you mention with ridicule, was to him a source of exquisite pleasure—for as he walked along in solitude, he no doubt was happy in thinking that every step he took brought him one step nearer the dear object of his heart. Love, indeed, has many peculiar excellencies; but that alone, of its restraining a young man from the tempting paths of vice, is sufficient to pronounce it *as great a blessing as can befal mankind.*

So far, Sir, (continued I,) have I, as briefly as I can, replied to your arguments. If I have, through haste or warmth, outstepped the limits of politeness, or

seemed in the least degree to relax in that friendship I have ever professed for you, attribute it to my natural warmth of disposition; attribute it to a little wine—to any thing but latent malice; a thing I detest at all times, but most in private disputes; for when thus, over a friendly glass, we give vent to high words to support our own opinions, we are neither moralists nor philosophers. But, to return. Allow me, Sir, before we leave the subject, another word—

If there is any one of the noble passions of the mind that surpasses the rest, it is love. It warms a morose temper, and restrains a warm one; it is a comfort in solitude, and a delight in society; it cheers the cold paths of adversity, adds a lustre to the bright scenes of prosperity, and lays open the heart to charity, feeling, and humanity. And what, if it draws the aspiring youth from the paths of glory and fame? Is it not as laudable (as our friend Philogenes said the other day)—is it not as laudable to be ambitious of the esteem of a good and amiable woman, as to be panting after the applause of a giddy world? If, indeed, we view it closely, its pains of absence are great; but what are years of painful absence, compared to the ecstacy of meeting—if it be but to meet for a moment!

Go, ye unmanly souls, enjoy your scenes of illicit riot. Fly to the harlot's curst embrace—feast on the fulsome grin of impudence—and let your momentary joy be crowned with an age of misery. Go, libertines, but never dare to profane the sacred name of love, by applying it to your detested rites. Never, Oh never may ye behold the eye of rapture; never may ye press the ruddy lip of love. For you, may no bosom heave in trembling agitation—nor may your senses ever feed on the heavenly down-cast look of modesty. Take, then, your excessive and intemperate pleasures:—One hour—one moment of virtuous love, confers more real delight, than can ever be derived from the longest age of luxurious lust.

Christ Church, Oxford, MUSIPHILUS.
Nov. 3d, 1803.

INSTANCES OF FEMALE HEROISM.

We have selected the following Instances of Female Heroism, during the Period of the late Revolution in France, from SEGUR'S INFLUENCE OF WOMEN IN SOCIETY, *an admired Work, just published, and trust they will prove acceptable to our fair Readers.*

THE revolutionary Committee of Toulouse had condemned one Citizen Causse, of that city. It was night when his sentence was pronounced, and therefore the execution was postponed till the next day. His wife heard of the delay, and immediately conceived the design to avail herself of it, and release him from his executioners. An uninhabited house adjoined the place in which he was to pass the night; his wife, who had sold every thing which she possessed, in order to distribute gold in his behalf, instantly bought this house. Thither she stole, followed by a female servant, in whom she could confide. They both laboured, and made a hole in the wall contiguous to the prison, sufficiently large to let out the captive whom they wished to release: but then how could they elude the guards, with which the neighbourhood was filled? The provident lady had brought with her a military disguise, which served for this purpose. She herself, dressed as *un Gen d'Arme*, conducted him through the posts of the centinels. In this manner they traversed the city, and even passed the very spot where was already prepared the instrument which was to have destroyed the life which love had found means to preserve.

Love also saved a young man of Bourdeaux, who was thrown into one of the prisons of that city. The unwholesome air which he breathed, had injured his health; and he was sent to the hospital. A young lady, named Thérèse, took upon herself the charge of attending him. He was handsome, and possessed the advantages of birth and fortune. His amiable countenance made an impression on the heart of the young lady the first moment she saw him. Having listened to the melancholy story of his sufferings, and his fears,

pity confirmed the resolution to which a more tender sentiment had given birth. She determined to set him at liberty. Having communicated to him her design, without, however, acknowledging her attachment, she advised him to feign the most violent convulsions, and at length to assume the appearance of death. The young man performed his part admirably well. Thérèse spread the sheet over his face in the customary manner; and when the physician came to him at the usual hour, she informed him that his patient had just expired; and the doctor, without a suspicion of the fraud, retired. In the evening, the young Thérèse, pretending that the pupils of the hospital had claimed the body of the deceased, caused him to be removed to the dissecting room. Having succeeded in conveying him thither, she disguised him in the dress of a surgeon, who was in the secret, and by this means he escaped without observation. The stratagem was not discovered till the following day. Thérèse was interrogated upon the subject; and, so far from dissembling the truth, she related the whole proceeding with such a striking frankness, that she received a free pardon. She had, however, excited a passion still more powerful than that with which she herself was inspired. The youth, whom she had saved, prevailed on her to visit him in his retreat, and falling on his knees, implored her to give a value to the life which she had saved, by becoming his wife. It may be supposed that she did not reject his suit, since she obtained happiness herself, by bestowing it on him. They retired into Spain, and were there united in marriage.

A widow, in the prime of life, whose lover was imprisoned in one of the northern departments, displayed an energy which was not crowned by a success equal to that which attended the above instance of female heroism. She no sooner heard of his confinement, than she hastened to solicit his enlargement, but ineffectually. She asked either to be allowed to see him, or to be confined in the same dungeon; but every solicitation she could urge, was refused. She flew to the

prison, the front of which faced the street, and there waited for the first opportunity which should offer to obtain a sight of him. On his presenting himself at one of the windows, it is not difficult to conceive what each of the parties felt. She repaired several times to the same station, braving both the rain, the wind, and the centinels, still more pitiless than the weather, to obtain a short interview. One day, however, at the instant of her arrival, a mournful spectacle presented itself; a cart, in which were her lover, and several other victims, bound like criminals, setting out for the place of execution. On perceiving this, she darted on the horses, which she endeavoured to stop; and called the populace to her aid, beseeching them to prevent the death of the object of her love. She was seized by the attendants, from whose hands she endeavoured to escape, to embrace the unfortunate wretch they were hurrying to execution. Every effort she could make being ineffectual, she reproached them with their dastardly obedience to the tigers they served, and implored them to allow her to share the fate of him who was above every other earthly consideration dear to her. On their attempting to drag her from the spot, she seized a sabre which one of them held in his hand, and plunged it in her heart. At the sight of her blood, which gushed forth in streams, the populace collected together, and surrounded the soldiers, who stood motionless and appalled. While the lover betrayed the deepest emotions of grief and terror, his unfortunate companions forgot the fate which awaited them, and were entirely absorbed in their reflections on his calamitous situation. In the meantime a party of municipal officers arrived, and ordered the corpse to be removed. The cart again set forward to its sanguinary destination; the wretched victims it contained were executed; and the remembrance of the suicide of this magnanimous female was lost in the torrents of blood which were daily shed.

In the prison called Plessis, were lodged the unhappy victims who were brought to Paris for trial.

One of these had a young and beautiful wife, who never quitted him. As she was walking in the court-yard with the other prisoners, her husband was called to the wicket. She was aware it was the signal of death, and would have followed him. The gaoler prevented her; but, strong with despair, she overcame all opposition: she threw herself into the arms of her husband, and clung to him, determined, at least, to have the melancholy pleasure of sharing his sad fate. The guards separated them. "*Barbarians*," exclaimed she, "*I nevertheless will die.*" At the same time she sprung towards an iron gate, dashed her head against it, fell, and expired.

Another female, *after* the death of her lover, distinguished herself by a transport of affection differently characterized, but equally tender in its nature. She had been present at the execution of the unhapy man whom she loved most ardently. She followed the body to the spot where it was to be interred, together with those of other victims. She there endeavoured, by a bribe, to obtain from the grave-digger, the head. "Eyes," said she, "where love once reigned, and the lustre of which, death has just extinguished; the finest flaxen locks of hair; and the graces of youth blended with the soft melancholy which misfortune has shed over his brow. Such is the image of him whom I seek. An hundred louis' shall reward this service." Having obtained the promise of the head, she returned alone, and trembling, to the ground, where it was delivered to her, and carefully enfolded in her veil. Nature, however, was more powerful than love. This delicate female, exhausted by the struggles she had encountered, fell at the corner of the street St. Florentine, and revealed to the terrified view of the spectators, the burden she had hitherto so carefully concealed. She was sent before the revolutionary tribunal; the members of which regarded as a crime, an act which ought to have moved them to pity. She was soon after led to the scaffold; enchanted with the hope of finding, in a better world, the object she had so passionately loved in this.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MUSEUM.

YOUR Correspondent, W. J. (Wilhelmina, or Winifred, or something equally venerable, I suppose,) has lately made some plain and sensible remarks on the subject of thrift and luxury, (see page 150,) well becoming her age and sex. If you think the following observations may be subservient to the same good cause, and that they adduce farther proof of the *wantonness* of expence, and its hurtful consequences, of which she complains, you will readily insert them, when more important matter is wanting.

When I first travelled in a stage coach, (of which there then were few,) if six inside passengers agreed, as a company, to give the coachman a shilling, they were thought to have done handsomely, and he was thankful: but now, if an individual gives the same sum as the whole then did, at the end of every stage, his journey will be made uneasy to him throughout, by the buffetings and insults of the driver, who will stand, holding the door in the face of the passengers, baiting the poor pent up animal in the coach, who, having paid for his seat, must abide in it, and drawing round him, by the scurrility and loudness of his abuse, the crowds which assemble on these occasions: baiting of this kind being now almost preferred to that of bull and bear, in which our ancestors so much delighted. The helpless victim's fellow-travellers, instead of making it a common cause, will, in the profuse spirit which now prevails, and for the unworthy satisfaction of being praised by such a brute, throw him two shillings or half a crown each, and thus increase the insolence which they ought to join in repressing.

I wish not to be the advocate of the sordid, who uniformly act with meanness; but have often been grieved to see a worthy man, or woman, obliged, perhaps, to take a journey, unable to afford more than was necessary to pass on their way with decency, treated as above, while his companions, roaming about, merely because they have more time and money

than they know what to do with, take pleasure in throwing it away to aid the insult.

Again, when men only travelled on needful occasions, the inn-keeper, to allure customers, provided them with a bed, and was only paid for what was eaten and drunken; nor would the wary traveller pay even that, without carefully examining the bill, and guarding against extortion: but since the female descendants of old Sir John have forsaken their mansions to dwell in taverns, a great change has gradually been produced.

First, your bedmaker would silently drop a curtsey at your departure: who could refuse a trifle to a pretty chambermaid, who solicited in so modest a way? Besides, you had rested well, and the fresh morning had renewed your spirits to pursue your journey. A little after, she proceeded to words, but they were respectful ones: You were informed, "she had no other wages." The next step amounted to a kind of claim; for she told you, "she gave a large sum annually for her place." Next followed a claim indeed! Beds were boldly inserted in the bill, and made a part of your host's demand; and, for a while, the chambermaid became invisible; but now appears again, as before a charge was made. Increasing impositions at inns are become a common complaint with the public, but who must the public chiefly blame?

Some plead the cause of waiters, chambermaids, &c. as the cause of humanity;—not aware that inn-keepers make use of these low agents to sue in *formâ pauperis*, as purveyors for themselves; for, as soon as the generosity of the public has made a chambermaid's place a profitable situation, under the idea that she is rather the servant of the public than of the house, her master immediately appropriates the advantage to himself, and turns her again upon his customers in a new form, as an object of their charity, and again appropriates, when public beneficence has made her emoluments worth seizure.

Thus it is, that the proprietors of lands and houses, in

in districts where the pity of our ancestors has made a comfortable provision for the inhabitants in case of poverty, make the benefit their own, by demanding a higher rent on that account, and thus impiously sell to the poor, what was intended as an eleemosynary gift, and turn the mercy of their forefathers into an article of traffic.

My design in these remarks was, to confirm what your correspondent W. J. had said of the spirit of the age, appearing in the *excess* of profusion, or, as she has expressed it, "carrying it beyond what contributes to enjoyment;" and also the effect this must necessarily produce on the price of the articles needful to the life of man, and its consequence to the most numerous part of mankind—the poor. In this wanton way, through the strange humour of the gentry to live with their families in inns, and on the road, is dissipated what supported the good old English hospitality, which once constituted the enjoyment of our ancestors, and the glory of our country. Then it was the pride of our nobles, that their country seats should be renowned for good cheer and plenty, which were shed round in a rich abundance, and extended in streams of beneficence to the poor, through a great extent of country, in which they were regarded as petty kings; and I believe, I am not the first who has remarked, that the great change introduced among our nobles, here complained of, has contributed at once to sour the lower classes, and to lessen their reverence for hereditary rank and dignity, which cannot be supported by their wives and daughters being familiarly seen at inns, and lodging at watering-places. The nobility must, and can, only support hereditary consequence at their hereditary mansions on their hereditary lands; to which they are, at least, as much indebted for their dignity and respect from the common people, as to their family name and title. If this be so, they themselves have led the way to the spirit of insubordination and equality, which brings such calamities upon the world, and has filled every country with horror and alarm.

THE

THE JUVENILE MONITOR.

BY EDWIN.

NO. IX.

ON CHARITY.

Let me with thee, sweet maid, the path of life
Tread o'er; may thy benignant power call forth
Each virtue that can dignify the soul,
Can raise it from the sordid views of those
Who feel not others' griefs.—

TO confine the thrice-amiable principle of Charity to mere alms-giving, is to divest it of its most brilliant quality. Pecuniary aid is, however, a most important branch of this duty, and absolutely incumbent upon the wealthy: but there is not any point, the express meaning of which, worldly-minded men so readily convert to their own purposes. "Charity," say they, "will cover a multitude of sins"; and therefore, if we subscribe to the public hospitals, and fashionable asylums, we may safely indulge in our earthly inclinations, and pursue, with avidity, the dissipations and gaieties of life. It is far from my intention, in the slightest degree, to censure those persons who substantially assist the public receptacles for the unfortunate, which, to the honour of our nation, are so bountifully supported; on the contrary, the conduct of many of both sexes, who generously superintend them, and promote their interest, cannot be too highly extolled; but whilst I give these the heartfelt tribute of applause, I must reprehend with severity those of my fellow creatures, who vainly imagine that charity consists in occasionally contributing to the relief of a brother in distress, and who thus neglect its chief and best principles, which teach us to embrace every inhabitant of the universe, and to contemplate "in every human form, a son of the same Almighty Universal Parent, a brother of the same Redeemer,

Redeemer, and a fellow heir of immortality and glory."

A few moments will not be unprofitably employed, I conceive, in considering the leading characteristics of this sacred duty, and in endeavouring so to represent them, that the miser may be induced to relinquish his uncharitable scheme, and freely impart that which he has so abundantly received; and so to pourtray the efficacy of it in afflictions, whether of body or mind, that the Christian may be induced more and more, to praise the Author of his being, for having bestowed upon him a disposition so eminently calculated to promote public benefit, and private peace. Reader, hast thou ever felt the pangs of poverty, hast thou seen a lovely wife and helpless babes crying to thee for bread, or an aged parent imploring from the child of his bosom, support and succour? or hast thou endured pangs of mind, though blest with independency? has the ingratitude of the world, the *more* than *savage* cruelty of thy relatives, or the disappointments of thy best-laid schemes, pressed heavy upon thee? If so, thou wilt truly know how to appreciate Charity. My heart bleeds for thee. A mite from the superfluities of life, might have restored thee to health, and thy partner and babes to peace: the friendly voice of consolation and love, might have gladdened thy heart; and thou mightest have gone on thy way with composure, and though oppressed by sorrow, have known that peace which now thou art deprived of for ever.

The followers of fashionable life, in particular, betray a great lack of charity, in giving an illiberal construction to the purest actions. Instead of candidly supposing a service well intended, or a pecuniary assistance liberally bestowed, how frequently do they construe the former into designing policy, and the latter into ostentatious hypocrisy! Benevolence of mind, and liberality of sentiment, on the contrary, are charitable principles; and the man who practises them, will

will be solicitous to reward merit, and place amiable affections in the most engaging light.

How often do persons, who place their affections upon the present circumscribed scene, and who confine their views within the compass of a few fleeting years, express their concern, that they cannot relieve the poor and destitute, because, "Charity begins at home!" This clearly is a plausible excuse; but let it be defined, and I imagine it will sink in our estimation. If, by this domestic kind of charity, is to be understood, more substantial relief to particular branches of their families, a panegyric from my feeble pen can add nothing to its excellence; but is not this plea preferred, that their finances may be better calculated to support the expences attendant upon sumptuous routs and splendid entertainments? If so, it is, indeed, "time to have done with such a senseless cant of charity, which insults the understanding, and trifles with the feelings of those who are really concerned for the happiness of their fellow-creatures*."

Charity consists in one universal principle of benevolence and brotherly love; in doing unto others as we would they should do unto us; and in seizing every possible opportunity to avert pain, and bestow satisfaction and peace. Of this virtuous inclination, alms-giving to the needy, and consolation to the poor in spirit, are two of the leading features: each, it is true, differs from the other, yet at the same time equally indispensible. In the first instance, the man who is deeply impressed with sentiments of Christian charity, will not wait contented with a kind of passive goodness, for objects to present themselves; he will visit the cottage of indigence, and will procure cloathing for the naked, and food for the hungry; and thus, by diffusing happiness to others, he will obtain that satisfaction, to which the sordid mind is an absolute stranger;

* William Wilberforce, Esq. M. P.

stranger; and which they alone can know how to value, who have experienced its pleasing effects. On the other hand, to the dejected he will ever be anxious to give his aid; he will speak a word in season to their hearts; and in all their distresses, bodily or mental, it will not only be his care, but his delight, to impart such advice, and inculcate such truths, as will compose them here, and make smooth the road which leads to eternity.

Ye affluent, then, who, from your education and circumstances, enjoy these powers, why will you withhold them? Have you yet to learn, that your possessions are talents to be used for the benefit of mankind, and not to be concealed? Can you look upon the almost perishing objects which apparently require assistance, and who pace the streets of this metropolis, without bestowing a mite? And now, when hoary winter is approaching, will you not exert yourselves? Think of the houseless children of want, relieve them from your superfluities, and be their guardians and their guides.

Those scriptures which are (or ought to be) the rule of our conduct, instruct us to adopt every charitable principle in the most extensive import of the term. Let us then frequently contemplate this truly Christian affection, and, by so doing, we shall become animated with a sense of its importance, be induced to abridge our frivolous expences, and prove ourselves the friends of the disconsolate and poor. Let us, instead of squandering our property in dissipation and parade, lend an attentive ear to the distresses of the destitute, relieve their necessities, encourage them in honest industry, and forget not the highest office of charity—that of providing for their religious improvement. Finally, let us make the sacred oracles the rule of our faith and conduct; and we shall find the practice of charity so frequently and earnestly inforced, that we shall not dare to turn, with averted eye, from a suf-

a suffering son of adversity. If, reader, thy heart can sympathise with the miseries of thy fellow pilgrims in life's upward path, cherish, I entreat thee, those feelings of which thou art now susceptible; do good by example; be a blessing to others, and to thyself.

Parents of both sexes, you fill important stations; it is yours "to teach the young idea how to shoot," to form the infant mind, and implant therein the principles I have been describing. Mistake not a few pearly drops of sensibility for the essence of charity; but remember the words, and adopt the sentiment, of that truly pious female, a bright ornament to human nature and her sex, who has truly and elegantly observed, that "the summer showers of mere sensibility soon dry up, while the living spring of Christian charity flows alike in all seasons*."

By becoming duly impressed with the lessons of the gospel, the miser will cease to be avaricious; the opulent, instead of dissipating their possessions in unmeaning trifles, will relieve the poor; and the worldling, instead of scandalizing his neighbours, will put a charitable construction on their conduct. Thus will the clouds of illiberality be dispelled, and the sunshine of benevolence, radiant in glory, renovate the world, and exist forever.

O, Charity, thou source of bliss sublime,
Thou soother of the ills of life, lend me
Thy balmy spirit. Oh grant, ye powers
On high! that I may ever prove the friend
O him whose wasting frame betrays the grasp
Of penury, or mental wretchedness;
May, aided by Religion's power, relieve
His cares, and "sooth his soul to peace;"
May lead him from a world where sorrow is,
To one where woe and tears can never come;
Where happiness abides in spotless vest,
And living fountains flow to purify
And cleanse the soul.

Southampton Buildings,
Oct. 16, 1803. G. B.

* Mrs. H. More.

THE RECLUSE:

OR,

REFLECTIONS IN RETIREMENT.

By an Old Moralist.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

THE desire to sacrifice every personal gratification to the interest of your friend, is one of the sweetest emotions of the human heart. When this desire arises from principle, it then becomes a virtue.

When a man is endowed with this disposition, what joy must he spread around him! how permanent must be his friendship! how numerous his friends! how delightful must be the temper of his mind! for the pleasure he affords wherever he appears, must convince him of the justice of his dealings, and of the probity of his character.

At the sight of a fellow-creature in distress, the benevolence of such a man expands; he runs to his relief, thanking heaven for selecting him to be the minister of peace, to one plunged deep in misery. The esteem of this friend to mankind, is of the most lasting quality: it is not (as is generally the case) to be swerved or shaken by the storms of adversity. He takes no thought for himself, but will readily give up his happiness to assist, or contribute towards the welfare of his friend.

The pleasures which we taste in the society of those we esteem, would be rendered insipid, were each to think of nothing but his own advantage. Some peoples' memories are more retentive of the good and evil services they receive than others. These I would not select: but were I to chuse a friend, he should be one, watchful to embrace and magnify every benefit he received, and willing to bury in oblivion the evil actions

which were done him. Few there are of this description; and when one is found, he should be nurtured as the pattern of every virtue: for the man who strictly adheres to this principle, cannot possibly be guilty of great deviations from goodness. On the contrary, he who is eager to create an evil where none exists, cannot be constant to himself, or friend, for any length of time; he will fabricate miseries, and then repine at them: in short, his whole life must be a series of wretchedness and disappointment.

One of the chief endowments requisite to complete a friend, is liberality. It is as impossible for a person void of this virtue, to form a durable esteem, as it is for a miser to be solicitous about doing a generous action. It is in the first place essential, to store his mind with a readiness to forgive an injury when committed; and also to guard against the notion of having suffered one before it is meant. In the next place, it is particularly necessary to endue him with a proper inclination to sustain his friend (as far as is in his power) in the calamities which may naturally occur: then is the time to put a person's friendship to the test; for it is not boasting, or high-flowing asseverations of constancy and zeal, which tend to substantiate a character: if a man wishes to set forth his virtue, he must contend, not with words, but deeds.

How mortifying must it be to perceive those marked assiduities which you have employed, received with indifference! How rending to a fond and feeling heart, to perceive the friend in whom you have confided, after a long absence, disavow your acquaintance, apparently from no cause; to perceive the companion of your youth, slight, and treat you with contempt; and all, perhaps, because fortune hath frowned upon you, sorrow hath washed away your smiles, adversity hath despoiled you of elegance and grandeur! This I have often beheld with regret; and, throughout my whole life, I have known but two men who have steered clear of this rock; who have viewed the wrecks

wrecks of calamity break away from under the staggering footsteps of their friends, and been proud to catch them from the waves.

When such characters as these occur, how bright they shine among the rubbish of those dull beings, who are ashamed of doing good; and whose constant labour is to spread destruction! Impelled by envy directed to the virtuous and the prosperous, like harpies, they scatter contagion wherever they go; sowing sedition in the breasts of those whose happiness they know themselves unable to enjoy.

If the idea of being beloved by all who know us, is a prize worth obtaining; if the soothing conviction of being at peace in our minds, is to be valued as a blessing; how is it that men act so widely contrary to the manner in which they are to be won? Every individual has it in his power to act right; and if he willingly stray from the right path, what can it be imputed to, but his own negligence and folly? Surely, to forsake a friend, is not only a breach of friendship, but it is an instance of hypocrisy. Is it not deceit, to extort the secrets of a person's heart, under the guise of regard? Is it not base dissimulation, to ingratiate yourself with a noble soul, whose generosity led it to judge of others by itself; then contemptuously to disown him as a friend, and treat him with scorn, for having been so credulous as to confide in the truth of man?

In what a different light we behold the man who holds stedfast to his last breath, the opinion which he first espoused; who thinks himself miserable, unless with his friend, whether in good fortune or adversity! How mutual is the esteem of two such hearts! with what delight they recognize the day which first formed their acquaintance! they bless their Creator for the happiness they enjoy; and spend their lives in a reciprocal interchange of benefits.

(To be continued.)

A MONITORY EPISTLE

To a young married Lady, on the Duties which every Mother owes to her Child.

My dearest Louisa,

IT is unnecessary for me to tell you, that to every station of life, new duties are attached; and I am inclined to think, that throughout the whole catalogue of moral obligations, none can be stronger than that which a mother owes her child. The helpless state of infancy naturally excites tenderness, and its various wants and weaknesses demand unremitting care; yet the constitutions of many children have been irreparably injured by not having, at an early period of life, been exposed to the refreshing air.

As I am persuaded, if you err in the fulfilment of maternal duties, it will be from that anxiety for your boy's welfare, which you unceasingly display, my affection for you induces me to lay down a few axioms, gathered from the opinions of the most *able judges*, and my own observations in life. "There is no surer way of shortening life (says the celebrated Doctor Huffland) than by guarding it, during a state of infancy, from all circulation of air, and keeping it for near a year buried among pillows and blankets, and at the same time stuffing it with an immoderate quantity of food. Coffee, wine, meat, and spices, carry on the vital functions too fast; and by these methods the springs of life are *worn out*, instead of being gradually *strengthened*, and premature maturity produces decay." "Speedy *ripening* (observes the author whom I have recently quoted) always brings speedy *destruction* at its heel; and to this cause is to be assigned that dreadful mortality which prevails amongst children of an *early age*. One of the most remarkable instances of the prematurity of Nature, was Louis the Second, King of Hungary, who was born so long before the time, that he actually had no skin, and was nursed with so much care and precaution, that he was forced.

forced into manhood when he was merely a youth. In his fourteenth year he had a beard, in his fifteenth he married, in his eighteenth he was grey; and in his twentieth he died."

I think I hear you ask why I have given you this anecdote? as your child was neither born without a skin, or deprived of the benefit of air. I allow he is *out much*; but it is not at the hours which are most refreshing, for he is always in the nursery until the middle of the day. As the winter advances, perhaps, this method may be prudent; but if you make use of that excellent understanding with which you are endowed, let me enquire if, whenever you walk out in the heat of the morning, a lassitude does not overspread you for the whole of the day? If the vertic heat of the sun produces this effect upon *your feelings*, do you not suppose it must have a still greater power over those of your child's? Instead of *bracing*, it must abolutely *relax him*, and ultimately prove detrimental to his health.

It has been observed by Rousseau, "That the breath of man is *deadly* to his fellow-creatures;" or, in other words, the atmosphere we breathe, becomes putrid without a free circulation of air: nothing, therefore, can be so destructive to the constitution of an infant, as the sleeping in a room where the currency is confined; and I would rather a child of *mine* should have the air of a window blowing upon him, than that he should sleep in an apartment where circulation is denied. In one of the learned Doctor Franklin's Essays, he makes the following observations upon the necessity of air; and as they must strengthen my remarks on the subject, I shall extract them for you to peruse. "Another means of preserving health, to be attended to, is the having a constant supply of *fresh air* in your bed-room; for never have people fallen into a more dangerous error, than that of sleeping in beds with their curtains closed. No outward air that can come in upon you, is so unwholesome as the unchanged air of a close chamber. As

boiling water does not grow hotter by longer boiling, if the particles that receive greater heat can escape, so living bodies do not putrify, if the particles, as fast as they become putrid, can be thrown off. Nature expels them by the pores of the skin and lungs; and in a free open air they are carried off; but in a close room we receive them again and again, and every time they become more corrupt. A single person, upon a mathematical calculation, is said to spoil a gallon of air in the course of a minute; therefore it is easy to imagine how prejudicial it must prove to the constitution, to *sleep*, or even *sit*, in a confined room."

Many parents, I know, confine their children within the boundaries of a garden, from not chusing to intrust their nursery-maids with them in the streets; but this custom, I know, my dear Louisa, you will not follow, as the evil is avoided by your accompanying the child yourself: but as the health of your boy is the object in these pedestrian excursions, you should extend your walks beyond the streets of the town, where a variety of noxious vapours must assail him, and prove prejudicial to the delicacy of his lungs. Upon this subject Doctor Huffland lays down the following rules to his patients, in his judicious work which he styles the Means of prolonging Life. "Suffer no day to pass without enjoying the pure open air beyond the boundaries of a city or town. Consider your walk not merely as the means of exercise, but in a particular manner as the enjoyment of the purest vital nourishment, which is indispensibly necessary to the preservation of your health."

After expatiating upon the benefit of air, I shall advert to another element, which, I must candidly tell you, I think much too sparingly used. Do not suppose that I mean to hint that your child is not attended to with the greatest degree of delicacy; but, instead of wiping him with a moist towel, I would recommend a large bason and a sponge. In short, my dear Louisa, he ought to be stripped morning and evening, and every part of his person completely washed

when he is *undressed*. That fear of giving him cold, by being a few minutes without clothing, is an absolute weakness on your part, which it is your duty to overcome; for there is not any thing so bracing to the human frame as *water*, nor any thing that will make your boy so active and strong. Yet I do not approve the method which some parents practise of dipping their children in a tub of cold water the moment they are out of bed; for a certain degree of perspiration is excited by their situation, which ought not to be too suddenly checked; but in half an hour after he is taken from that bosom which nurtured and nourished him during the night, instead of being hushed to sleep, whilst his maid arranges the apartment, I would have him *washed*, *dressed*, and taken into the *air*.

"The dews of the evening carefully shun,
"But inhale the first rays of Aurora's bright sun,"

Nature seems to have given your child an excellent constitution, and it is your duty to confirm and strengthen the boon. Conceive but for a moment, the miseries which attend a nervous habit, and do every thing in your power to avert the evil from your son. You look forward with apprehension to that period which has proved fatal to so many children; I mean the time of cutting his teeth; and though in many things, I have the vanity to believe you would be guided by my opinion, yet I wish to strengthen it by giving that of the great Locke's. Their passing easily through the gums, we are told by this able writer, depends much upon the manner in which they are fed; for, after recommending the clothes about the breast of an infant always to be *roomy*, he speaks of their diet to the following effect. "If I might advise, *flesh* should be forborn the use of, as long as the child remains in coats, or at least until he is two or three years old. By this practice, I am persuaded, children would breed their teeth with much less danger, and be freer from those diseases which are attached to that time; and I am likewise persuaded, that many mothers lay

the

the foundation of several disorders, by suffering their children to be immoderately crammed. But if my young master must have flesh once a day, let it be plain beef, mutton, or veal: let him eat bread plentifully with it: and for breakfast and supper, milk, milk-pottage, or something of the kind. If sugar *must* be mixed with it, a very small quantity; but it would be far better if not any was used."

Most authors have advised, that children should have their meals at a stated period; but Locke, in treating upon the subject, deviates from the plan, for he says, that an infant accustomed to food at an appointed moment, will become fractious and peevish if he has not his supply. To suffer a child to drink frequently, is a practice still more to be avoided by the mother and nurse; for we are creatures of habit, and this leads to one of the most dangerous kind; and he gives a variety of reasons, which carry conviction with them, against suffering a young child to even *know* the *taste* of *wine*. In cases of illness, or natural *debility*, of course, there must be an exception to the rule; but a fondness for liquor is certainly frequently ingendered, by sending for the children as soon as the cloth is removed. It requires a degree of resolution (if such a term may be applicable) for the parents to refuse the child a portion of that beverage which he seems to enjoy; yet there is something peculiarly selfish in sending for a child to the table, and then refuse his petition for half a glass of wine. To avoid injuring the child then, or mortifying the parents by a refusal, I repeat, that he should not be suffered to come into the parlour until the wine is removed, unless he is told, from his infancy, that it would be *hurtful to him*; but that as soon as it will not injure him, he shall be indulged with the taste. The understanding of a child is much sooner open to conviction than the generality of parents are ready to allow; and much is it to be lamented, that in the system of education, instead of applying to their *reason*, they resort to a *blow*. This, I am persuaded, is not a measure which you, my dear Louisa, will practise: but

but too much indulgence is equally to be deplored; and what will you say, when I actually tell you, that a child begins to require management by the time he is *six months old?* Forward children, of that age, will notice a variety of objects; and the only method they have of expressing their wish of obtaining them, is by crying, or complaint; but if any degree of passion is evinced by their actions, the thing they are anxious for should be withheld from their arms. They should likewise be told they are *naughty;* and *that* in a tone of accent, which in a short time will convince them that you are displeased.

Above all things, my dear Louisa, avoid a practice too often indulged in; and this is suffering your child to be *teazed:* we know, from experience, how this irritates the feelings; and can we expect it to produce a less effect upon a child? At the age of seven or eight months, I have seen a toy held to an infant, and when it was eagerly going to grasp it, the foolish mother snatched it away; and this she would repeat, until my patience was exhausted, and the passions of the poor babe were wound up to a height. This, I was told, was to exercise the *child's patience,* at a time when it was incapable of comprehending the word; but I am fully persuaded that excellent natural dispositions have been ruined by this unpardonable propensity in parents to teaze.

Yet do not infer, from hence, that I think children ought to have every thing they cry for; as that would be an error equally dangerous on the other side; for as soon as a child is capable of comprehending, it ought not to have a single plaything which it cried for. But this subject I shall defer until your boy is a few months older, and I am able to form an opinion of the turn of his mind; for the treatment which would be proper with one disposition, might, perhaps, prove destructive to the future happiness of your child.

Adieu, my dear Louisa. May you adopt that method which will be likely to render your boy a comfort to you in childhood, and a consolation to you as his

years

years increase; and may he inherit all his mother's virtues, and become an ornament to society, and an honour to the human race. These are the prayers of a friend tenderly devoted to *you*, and anxiously interested in the welfare of your child. M. P.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MUSEUM.

SIR,

IN page 228 it is asked, "At what time of life does a woman shine most conspicuous?" A very fair question, but rather an odd one for the *ladies*. Are not the *men* better able to judge of us than we ourselves? Will they not be less partial, and more adequate to the task of answering so serious a question? Pardon me, if I say, I think you have imposed too weighty a burden upon us, and beg you will not suppose that I think myself equal to it, though I thus address you: it is only *my opinion* on the subject which I offer, with this hope, that some abler pen will treat it with the respect it deserves, and will look upon the time as well spent, in solving a question of so much importance as that of shewing the ladies, when and where they shine most; and by that means excite a spirit of emulation among them beyond the rivalship of dress!

Your query has opened a field for argument as large as that of beauty, for they both depend on opinion; and when that is the case, nothing decisive can be said; for there are as many opinions in the world as there are persons. *One* may think that a woman shines most conspicuous in the bloom of youth, beauty, and accomplishments, with the additional advantages of wealth and education to set them off. I own, she does shine most brilliantly: She charms and captivates the heart of MAN, and tempts him to make her legally his own, and that for ever. He then thinks himself blessed indeed, and feels as if nothing could make her more

more amiable in his eyes; yet the following supposed, yea, very possible case, may soon convince him of the contrary.

Misfortunes assail him, poverty conducts him to a prison; she follows him to his darksome dungeon, where her smiles shine with double lustre to those in which she had decked herself on the morning of her espousals; she illumines every corner of his gloomy cell, charms him with her affectionate eloquence and composed behaviour; she inspires a fortitude till then unknown to himself: she seems not only to be the mother of his children, but almost of his virtues; and by rousing him from his lethargy, enables him to retrieve his fortune, and re-establish his credit.

Her efforts will then take another turn; she makes a home comfortable for him, and a large family, for whom she indures toilsome days, and sleepless nights; she feels all the hopes and fears of a tender mother, and anxious wife.

Bright as she appears also in this point of view, there is yet one in which she outshines them all. Suppose her daughters now grown up, (the boys she leaves to their father,) what a task has she then to perform! See her at the head of her table, surrounded with those who have no one else to look up to for example and support. She looks round with a tear caused by this reflection, "On my example depends the future happiness of these dear children, and shall I not exercise every attention to set a good one before them? For, what would my feelings be, on seeing them act wrong, with the additional pang of self-reproach? Forbid it, heaven! and grant my conduct may be such, that they may venerate my memory when called away from them; before which time, I trust, their virtues will procure them protectors, who shall succeed me in treating them with the same tenderness."

Her prayers are heard; she lives to see her daughters worthily bestowed in wedlock; and her circle is enlarged by sons-in-law, unable to be sufficiently grateful

grateful for the precious deposits she has placed in their possession, owing all their value to her care and example.

What then are *her* husband's sensations? who, revolving in his mind the period when she, (as her daughters are now,) all blooming with youth and beauty, made a surrender of her charms, finds those joys inferior to what he now tastes, and rapturously exclaims, "This is the period in which a woman shines most conspicuous! for her children, like so many diamonds, reflect back her lustre, and surround her with a blaze of splendor." This is the opinion of her who subscribes herself

Newington Butts. A WOMAN.

☞ We think this agreeable Correspondent has great and high authority for *her opinion*, in the view she has taken of the subject; which reminds us of these words of the wise man: "Her children rise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her: Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

The fair Isabella seems constrained to acknowledge, that a woman must shine most conspicuously as a WIFE and MOTHER; but then adds, "What is to be done with *us* young unmarried women? may *we* not be allowed to be conspicuous?"

We hope the subject will engage the attention of some of our male readers, who, as observed already, are the most proper judges; and we beg leave to recommend *pith* and *brevity* to any who may either write on this, or favour us with communications on any other subject.

THE

THE FARM HOUSE STORY:

A COMEDY, IN THREE ACTS.

ACT III. SCENE I.

[Concluded from page 326.]

The House of MR. WALSINGHAM.

THE DRAWING ROOM.

LADY ANGELINA *and* SIR FREDERICK FLUTTER.

Sir F. SO, Madam, you have made me the dupe of my own credulity. I did not think you so complete a coquette.

Lady A. You accuse me unjustly, Sir Frederick. While I thought you serious, I never gave you hopes; but when I found that my fortune was what you sighed for, and that your peace of mind was not at stake, I thought a little revenge justifiable. Can you say you have always acted with the same consideration?

Sir F. Would you insinuate any thing to the contrary?

Lady A. I would. You know Miss Mornington, the curate's daughter?

Sir F. Perfectly well: but you cannot call my flirtations with that girl serious. I know she is pretty, and of a good character. People did think—But one cannot help that, you know, Lady Angelina.

Lady A. Certainly not, Sir Frederick: but you just now accused me of coquetry; but be assured, that however contemptible it may be in a woman, it is completely despicable in a man. Let me put a case to you. I am a young pleader, but I have truth on my side. A gentleman amuses himself by *dangling* after a girl. I believe that is the modern phrase; is not it? He endears himself to her by numerous nameless attentions: her heart insensibly becomes his prey. Vanity and sensibility conspire to make her think he loves her, and even his words conspire to encourage the delusion. He discovers her attachment, and neglects her. Her tenderness and weakness too often

betrays itself in the most affecting manner: he then exposes and makes a jest of her credulity; "is astonished the girl could imagine he ever meant any thing, as he never opened his lips on the subject of marriage to her." He is heard, and applauded as an *honorable* man, and may roam at large in pursuit of new victims. The usage of the fashionable world may tolerate this, but is not such a man a villain!!

Sir F. (Confused.) Really, Lady Angelina, I know not whether your talents are best adapted to the bar, or the pulpit.

Lady A. Sir, jesting aside, this has been your conduct towards Miss Mornington, and perhaps half a dozen more. You may be dead to repentance, but you are, I see, alive to shame. But I hear Miss Gabblewell; let me recommend that lady to you again, as one whose feelings are not too susceptible, and whose fortune may to you be *acceptable*.

Sir F. No, Lady Angelina; it is always in the power of a sensible woman to correct a dissipated man. I admire your manners, and respect your disposition; while the arrogance, conceit, and hypocrisy, of Miss Gabblewell, disgust me. The lecture you have given me this morning shall not be forgotten; and, in gratitude, I will inform you, that you are betrayed by the woman you thought your friend. For my own part, though I must not aspire to your affection, I will endeavour to deserve your esteem. If Miss Mornington has any remaining regard for me, she shall command my fate; and it shall be my pride to own that to Lady Angelina Chatterton I owe my reformation.

Lady A. Without that compliment, Sir Frederick, acting, as you will, from the conviction of error, you will ever be a welcome guest here.

Enter MISS GABBLEWELL.

Miss G. (Aside.) He has got my letter; I saw him reading it as he came across the lawn. Oh,

sweet revenge!——Lady Angelina, your lover is arrived. But where is Mr. Walsingham?

Enter MR. WALSINGHAM.

Mr. W. I seem just in time; my name was mentioned.

Lady A. O, my dear guardian, I have some news to tell you, will make you smile: it will be the first time these three months.

Miss G. Edward is arrived.

Lady A. Pshaw! that was not my news.

Enter EDWARD OVERTON. *(He bows slightly to* Lady Angelina, *and passes her, to take the hand of* Mr. Walsingham.)

Edward. My dear Sir, you will be pleased from me to accept my uncle's apology for remaining so long absent. He hopes, with the permission of his medical friend, to pay his respects this evening. For myself, I have only to say, that, in the hour of pain and danger, my attendance was indispensible.

Mr. W. Lady Angelina will no doubt think your apology satisfactory.

Edward. (Bowing.) Of your indulgence, my fair cousin, I have no doubt.

Lady A. Yet, ample as it may seem, you have taxed it by your tardiness.

Edward. (Aside.) What a coquette! How unlike Jessy!—Is that intended as a reproach, or a compliment, Lady Angelina?

Lady A. O, dear Sir, neither. I did not allude to your tardiness in staying away, but your neglect of apologizing *to me* when you did come.

Edward. (Aside.) She perceives my indifference already.

Enter SERVANT.

To Lady A. My Lady, a gentlewoman below requests to speak to you in private. She will not give her name, but seems much agitated.

Lady A. Shew her into the saloon; I will be with her immediately.

Mr. W. Edward, will you attend me to the library? I wish to have some conversation with you.

Edward. And I with you, Sir. *(Exeunt.*

Miss G. Sir Frederick, do we have your company to dinner?

Sir F. No, Madam; my curricle is at the door; I shall drive to the Parsonage.

Miss G. I should like an airing this morning.

Sir F. I fear you would find it *too cold.* Good day, Madam. *(Exit.*

Miss G. Queer brute! But I must go and hear what they are at below. Who can this woman be? *(Exit.*

SCENE. *The Saloon.*

MRS. WOODBURY *meeting* LADY ANGELINA.

Mrs. Woodbury. Pardon, Madam, this boldness, and pity a distracted mother. Jessy is torn from me; she was carried off two hours ago, by the emissaries of that vile man now under this roof. I heard her shrieks, but could not save my child.

Lady A. Of what man do you speak, Mrs. Woodbury.

Mrs. Woodbury. I beg your pardon; but, indeed, it is Mr. Edward Overton. He comes hither to be your husband; but surely, Madam, you will not ally yourself with the villainous destroyer of my child.

Lady A. You astonish and shock me. Wait here a moment. My guardian shall investigate this affair. *(Exit.*

Mrs. Woodbury. My poor girl, what will become of thee! *(Walks about in great agitation. The door opens,* and MR. OVERTON *enters.)*

Mr. O. Curse on the blundering blockheads; she is not at the Villa where I directed them to take her.—*(Seeing* Mrs. Woodbury, *he starts.)*—The mother here! What can this mean!

MR.

MR. WALSINGHAM *enters with* LADY ANGELINA.

Mr. W. Ah, my good friend, you are come in a moment of confusion: though, in some respects, a fortunate one, that you may see justice done. It is with the deepest concern that I accuse your nephew of abandoned conduct: compel him, Sir, to restore the daughter of this lady, whom, in defiance of honour and gratitude, he has betrayed. Sorry I am to say, he is the first that has disgraced the family of Clifford, or the name of Overton.

Mrs. Woodbury. Clifford! What Clifford? Did not I hear the name?

Lady A. (Aside.) Mr. Overton's family name was Clifford. It was changed in consequence of a will to Overton: his own name was Theodore Clifford. Do you know him?

Mrs. Woodbury. 'Tis he! Ah, heavens!—*(Faints.)*

Mr. W. What can this mean? Her sudden emotion at your name, my friend, is surprising.

Lady A. She is reviving: her spirits were exhausted.

Mrs. Woodbury. Where is he? Speak! Oh, tell me, is he here? I know his voice now. Tell him, the wretched Augusta Melville has not yet forgotten him.

Mr. O. Augusta!! Confusion, how strangely altered! Where shall I hide myself? This hour has convinced me of my guilt: I dare not sue for pardon, even at your feet; for yet you know not all!!

Mr. W. Astonishing discovery! Who is this lady, Overton?

Mr. O. I knew her once, and tenderly loved her; but, for all that, I deserted her. Fifteen years of calamity have changed her appearance so, that I could not recollect her. Oh if she could forgive me—

Mrs. Woodbury. I thought you dead!

Mr. O. I was dangerously ill of my wounds, and my name was in haste returned among the list of killed. This accounts for my long silence. When I did write, my letters remained unanswered.

Mrs. Woodbury. Alas! I was then a wretched wanderer. But, Oh, our child is lost!

Mr. O. Our child! distraction!

Enter EDWARD OVERTON.

Mr. W. I am sorry, Sir, to charge you with a crime of the blackest dye; yet, as a friend, I will attempt to be your advocate here, if you will candidly confess where you have concealed the daughter of this lady.

Edward. Concealed!—Jessy Woodbury!—Who has dared to touch her?—Where is she!!

Mr. W. That we would learn of you, young man! Nay, nay; this prevarication is as mean as it is useless. Tell us instantly what you have done with her.

Edward. As heaven is my judge, I thought she was safe with her mother; but I will search the world over till I find her. But permit me, Sir, to say, this unjust accusation shall not go unresented. I must also beg to decline the honour intended me of an alliance with Lady Angelina Chatterton.

Mr. O. Hey-day! the boy is mad! Edward, what do you mean? This conduct is incomprehensible.

Edward. This letter will elucidate all. Read it, Mr. Walsingham; and you will learn how little her Ladyship can wish the fulfilment of our engagement.

Mr. W. reads. "Permit a friend to apprize Mr. Edward Overton, that he is made the dupe of an artful coquette. The heart of Lady Angelina has long been possessed by one who has been equally the sharer of her fortune. It were a pity that one possessing the merits and attractions of Mr. Edward Overton, should throw himself away on a woman insensible of his worth, and unworthy his esteem, while there is a female, possessing a heart, sensibly alive to the tender impression he has inspired. If Mr. Edward Overton attends to this hint, he shall hear more from his faithful

"INCOGNITA."

This is still more astonishing. Lady Angelina, this must be explained. I have seen the hand before. Do you know it?

Lady A. (Covering her face with emotion.) O, Sir, I cannot deny the charge; and I fear I have for ever forfeited your good opinion. The hand is Miss Gabblewell's: she has made a base use of the confidence I reposed in her.

Mr. W. Lady Angelina, do I comprehend you right? Was it to you I was indebted for the fifteen thousand pounds which saved me from ruin! Oh, tell me; I am all perplexity: relieve me from this agitating suspense.

Lady A. Indeed, Sir, she never knew to whom it was sent.

Mr. W. Generous girl! a thousand recollections rush upon my mind. But it cannot be.—Tell me, Lady Angelina, what could induce you to beggar yourself for me? How long have I been puzzled to find my secret benefactor!

Lady A. Forgive me, Sir; I cannot speak my feelings. O say that you pardon me.

Mr. W. Pardon you, Angelina! You little know the heart which has long cherished a hopeless passion for you.

Lady A. For me, Sir! O, spare me, I entreat you.

Mr. W. No, I will confess all. I have ever loved you; but I feared your ridicule, and was conscious of my own deficiencies in point of merit or fortune: yet I could not bear the thoughts of witnessing your marriage with another, and was accordingly preparing to quit England. You have now my fate in your hands: my doubts of your conduct are sufficiently cleared; and it remains with you to bless the remainder of my life, or punish my presumption, by banishing me from you for ever!

Lady A. Ah, Sir, I must own our sentiments are so congenial, that it would be a pity the seas should divide them.

Edward.

Edward. Candidly acknowledged, Mr. Walsingham. You can require no more: her Ladyship's blushes tell all. Let me congratulate you; and as the touchstone of truth seems to hang over our heads, let me here declare, that the moment the lovely Jessy is found, I will secure her to myself, by making her my wife.

Enter TOM.

Tom. Huzza! Huzza! Mistress Woodbury, I have not taken the horse out of the cart as brought you and Mary; so you may get ready to go back; for Miss Jessy be found.

All. Found! Where is she?

Tom. Why, Dr. Soporific be dragging her along. She looks more dead nor alive.

Mr. W. Bring the good man up.

Mrs. Woodbury. Thank heaven, my child is found.

Enter DR. SOPORIFIC, *bearing* JESSY *in his arms.* MRS. WOODBURY *receives her.*

Edward. My adored girl! Doctor, receive our thanks.

Doctor. Servant, ladies and gentlemen. Very happy, indeed, to tell you all about it. Rather out of breath, tho'!

Mr. W. Compose yourself: take a glass of wine before you begin your story.

Doctor. Excellent *prelude*—Well, Sir, you must know I was coming from visiting a patient—Handsome fee—spirits *allegretto*—heard a cry of distress, which is always *discord* to me; and by the *tone*, I was convinced it was not *falsetto*, as it proceeded from a post-chaise. I naturally concluded it was some young lady about to be *trepanned*. I therefore made a *run* to the spot; *presto!* drew forth my *dissecting-knife*; with which I cut the traces, *extracted* (pho! I mean *extricated*) the lady, whom I grasped *Maestoso*. Horses galloped on *furioso*; and, by the fortunate aid of some labourers, overpowered the ruffians,

fians, who owned they had been employed by Mr. Overton the *elder*.

Mr. W. How! by you, Sir?

Mr. O. With shame I own it. Augusta, at your feet I humiliate myself. This day's lesson will have its proper effect. And, Oh, Jessy, injured innocent, if you can forgive me, plead for me to your mother; for, unworthy as I am, I am your father!!

Mrs. Woodbury. Say no more; you are pardoned. Jessy, my love, the joy of your return makes me forget every thing.

Jessy. Oh, my mother, this is a wonderful day. My tears flow so fast, I cannot speak my joy.

Doctor. Weep on, pretty maid. It may be contrary to the opinion of the *faculty*, but I affirm, that the tears of sensibility are the best *collyrium* ever yet discovered. Glad, indeed, am I, at being *instrumental* in bringing about this happy *finale*.

Enter MISS GABBLEWELL.

Mr. W. Yet here is a lady to whom we are under some obligations, though not exactly on the same score.

Miss G. Bless me! what a goodly assemblage! Tears, smiles, strides! Oh for the pencil of a Beechy!!

Mr. W. Or the pen of a Colman; and call the piece the *Anonymous Letter*.

Lady A. Or the *False Friend!*

Mr. O. Or the *Amorous Incognita!*

Miss G. Eh! what!

Lady A. Or *Hints to* E. O.

Edward. Permit me, Madam, to return you my thanks for your amiable caution contained in this letter: I beg you to believe I will pay it the attention it deserves. Mean while, I restore it to you, that your ingenuity may not be racked upon some future occasion.

Mr. W. And I thank you, Madam, for the opportunity of discovering that I once received fifteen thousand

thousand pounds in an envelope written by the same hand. I shall never forget the obligation.

Lady A. And I, Madam, take the liberty of requesting you to quit a house where you have acted with meanness in pecuniary matters, and malice in affairs of a more serious nature.

Miss G. Bless me, Lady Angelina, here must be some mistake! I am sure I never meant—

Mr. W. To counteract your own plots, I believe: but let me tell you, madam, it were much better to be ignorant of the use of the pen, than to abuse the talent of writing, by attempting to injure others, under the cloak of love and friendship. No reply, Madam; dissimulation will avail little now; the Incognita is unmasked.

Miss G. You are a set of scandalizing rubbish all together, and I shall leave you without regret, I assure you. So good morning, sweet Lady Moppet. Ladies and gentlemen, I wish you much mirth.

(Exit.

Mr. O. The lady carries it with a good face.

Mr. W. It is her last resource; but she is not worth a thought. Doctor Soporific, let me bespeak your friendship; for, believe me, I think you do honour to your profession.

Doctor. Hem! You allude to my occupation as Surgeon-Dentist—Man-mid.—and Farrier, I suppose? My favourite *profession* is to promote *harmony* and *glee* wherever I go; for which reason I must be a friend to *variety*.

Mr. O. You are an honest fellow, and I hope we shall have no occasion to employ you in any other way.

Doctor. Rest there: I doubt whether the *young couples* will *accord* with that wish. I would spare the ladies blushes; but you know, my good Sir, the want of *fighting* lads may give our enemies an advantage.

Edward. And will my Jessy consent to bless me?

Mrs.

Mrs. Woodbury. Yes, Edward, take her hand, and with it an artless affectionate heart. *(Joins their hands.)*

Doctor. So, the *piece* runs in *double notes.* Well, my amiable young friends, may no *crotchet* of *jealousy* enter your heads, or *composer of mischief* introduce a *bar* to your happiness. May your *time glide* on in *chearful measure*, and your *duet* of felicity never know a *pause.*—*(To Mr. W. and Lady A.)*—To you, my excellent auditors, I will add a *repeat.*—*(To Tom.)*—What do you do here, sighing in *solo?* Fetch your Mary, and get her *tied* to you. And this worthy pair *(to* Mr. Overton *and* Mrs. Woodbury) will *lead the band* of happy lovers.

Mr. W. And you, Doctor, stick to the *old tune.*

Doctor. Yes, truly, I am a single man, and may rove *ad libitum.*

Mr. O. Hold there; learn from me, that while you rove on, careless of all but your own gratification, you may be exposing the virtuous to danger, the defenceless to misery, and yourself to years of unavailing remorse.

Mrs. Woodbury. A woman who once *deviates from virtue*, lays up for herself an *exhaustless stock of calamity*, though subsequent *good conduct* may restore her to some degree of peace and rank in society.

Mr. W. In the conduct of Lady Angelina, we find that the intentions will scarcely justify eccentricity in a female; and that while a spark of coquetry is encouraged, she is hardly safe from the suspicions of the world, or the secret stings of the malicious.

Lady A. Well, I am quite cured. Feel my pulse, Doctor; does not it beat as the most sober husband could wish? If not, you shall take me in hand. I will follow your prescriptions; and Jessy Woodbury *(no! Overton)* shall be my pattern.

Doctor. (Feeling her pulse.) In "*Tempo Justo,*" I declare; therefore I *prescribe* that we in to dinner. We will *dose* ourselves with bumpers, and toast the ladies—*King and Constitution in full Chorus. (Exeunt.*

END OF THE THIRD, AND LAST ACT.

A LETTER FROM A SON TO HIS MOTHER

Describing the amiable Character of the Lady he is attached to, and slightly touching upon the present times.

My Dearest Mother,

IT is impossible for me to describe the mortifying sensations which the sentiments expressed in your letter of yesterday conveyed; and I can truly say, it is the first I ever received from you, that did not afford me gratification and delight. I have so long been accustomed to receive your approbation of my conduct, that, to find you now condemn it, gives me the severest pain: and did I not find that my happiness entirely depended upon the accomplishment of my wishes, in obedience to your commands, I should immediately renounce my plan.

You tell me, "A soldier without fortune, ought never to think of marrying; that the tenderness I feel for Eliza, is a mere boyish caprice; that her being three years older than myself, is a very great objection; and that you must point out a still greater, which is, *her little son.*" If the generality of the world, my dear mother, entertained *your opinions*, I believe very few young men would make choice of a *military life*; at least, if they indulged the same high ideas of domestic felicity, which from a mere boy has filled the mind of your son. So far from the passion of *love* damping the ardour of military glory, I am persuaded, that it is the strongest stimulus that can possibly be produced; and the very idea of earning laurels to lay at the feet of my Eliza, makes me pant for the moment when my valour is to be displayed. Already do I anticipate the overthrow of our enemies. I am not only to fight for my country's freedom, but to preserve the purity of her whom I adore: for beauty such as hers would fire the bosom of an anchorite; and, in protecting it from violation, I will sacrifice my life! So trifling a difference in our age, surely

surely can never be an objection; and if you calmly reflect upon the circumstance, the advantage is on *my* side; for, from the lips of my Eliza with what delight shall I listen to *instruction!* and never was a woman better able to advise. Her education has been far superior to the generality of females; there is not a single subject in conversation upon which she is not able to converse; yet she delivers her sentiments with that modest air of diffidence, which at once delights and captivates the heart. The maternal fondness she displays for her child, renders her a thousand times more interesting: her time is wholly devoted to him, instead of pleasurable pursuits; and though, to obey the will of her parents, she married a man to whom she was more than indifferent, yet with cheerful resignation she submitted to her lot. Infirmity and age combined to render him *peevish;* yet she soothed his little petulances, listened to his *complaints;* and, to prove that he was completely sensible of the rectitude of her principles, he left every farthing of which he was possessed entirely in her power. United to such a woman, happiness must await me: The impetuosity of my passions would be moulded to her desires. In short, whenever I am in her company, I feel as if in the presence of a superior being; and my highest ambition is to render myself worthy of her regard.

Thus, you see, my dear mother, instead of my passion being *boyish*, and founded upon what you call *whim* and *caprice*, it is excited by that respect which every man of principle must feel for superior excellence; and I think it is impossible you can disapprove such a refinement of love. I may repeat to you what Petrarch said to St. Augustine, when he was endeavouring to convince him that his passion for the amiable Laura was not of the *sensual* kind; and I may assure you, that the same sentiments are applicable to your Edward; for it is not Eliza's form that has captivated me, but it is her mind.

"I take heaven to witness (says the poet) that there was never any thing dishonest in my affections

for Laura; never any thing reprehensible in them, unless it is their *excess;* and I wish all the world could behold them with as much clearness as they do her angelic face. It is like that face, pure and unspotted; and it is to Laura I owe every *perfection* I possess. Never should I have attained my present reputation and glory, if the sentiments with which she inspired me, had not called forth those seeds of virtue which nature planted in my soul. She drew me out of the snares and dangers into which the ardour of youth had plunged me, and taught me to act and think what was worthy of a man. She pointed out the path to heaven to me, and was herself the guide to direct me on the road; for the effect of *love* is to transform the *lover*, and to assimilate him to the object beloved. What then is there more virtuous, more perfect, than Laura? In a city where no character is respected or held sacred, has calumny dared to assault her? Has any one been able to discover any thing reprehensible either in her actions, her gestures, or her words? And those bad tongues which cast their venom upon other females, have they dared to taint *her* with their pestiferous breath? No, they could not forbear respecting and admiring her virtues, which the lips of *malice* never *dare profane*. Inflamed with the desire of, like *her*, enjoying a *great reputation*, I have forced through all the obstacles that opposed it in the flower of my youth; to please *her*, I have conquered the propensities of my nature: then why would you wish me to conquer my love?"

The same question which Petrarch put to the amiable St. Augustine, with equal propriety, my dear mother, I may be permitted to put to you; and I must candidly tell you, that until I was acquainted with Eliza, I gave free scope to those passions which are so dangerous to youth. From that period, her image has not only completely filled my imagination, but entirely subdued every improper emotion of my heart. My utmost ambition is to render myself worthy of her affection: but I have no hope of succeeding with

her

her, unless *you sanction my regard.* Is not this sufficient to confute the charge you alledge against her? Does this look as if she wished to entrap the *affections* of a *boy*? These are the terms you have used in the letter which is before me; but I attribute them to your being unacquainted with the purity of her mind. Our pleasures, our pursuits, our engagements, are similar; and to *you* I ascribe this similarity of taste: it is from you, my dear mother, I imbibed a fondness for all those rational enjoyments that have made Eliza so attractive, so amiable, in my eyes.

You tell me that, instead of attending the levees of military officers, and offering my services at a moment when every man, who loves his country, wishes to be employed, I am supinely wasting my time at the feet of a syren, whose artifices have allured me, and whose smiles are deceit. Your assertions are unjust; your suspicions are *ill-founded:* I love my country, and *honour* my king; and to prove that I have not been the supine dastard *you suspect me,* I have this moment received a most flattering letter from the Commander in Chief. To render myself worthy of being the husband of Eliza, it was my wish to be placed in the most dangerous post; and I have implored His Royal Highness to place me in a situation where I may have the power of evincing my zeal in the *cause.* Zealous I must have been in a contest so glorious, where our religion, our laws, and our happiness, are at stake; but the bare idea of my Eliza's being exposed to the brutal embraces of our invaders, will make me fight with redoubled ardour in her defence.

All I ask of you, is to see this most amiable of women; and my uncle, who is delighted with her, joins in the request; for if once you knew her, admiration must be the consequence; and you would be the first to acknowledge, that she is the most *amiable* of her *sex.* A thousand circumstances have proved that she is tenderly attached to me; but she has declared that she will never marry me without your consent; for she has, by some accident, heard that you

wished me to form a connection with Sir Edward Benson's daughter; and since she received this intelligence, I have been forbidden the house. Does this conduct appear as if she wished to *entrap me*? Does it seem like taking advantage of my inexperience and years? Besides, has she not a fortune sufficient to entitle her to settlements? and, until your death, (which I hope is far distant,) have I more than three hundred a year? Can it then be supposed that any woman would seek my alliance, who was possessed of twenty thousand pounds in the funds: and this is allowed to be the sum left to Eliza; though half of it, upon the death of her husband, she instantly settled upon her child. This is another act of this incomparable woman's, which has tended to exalt her still higher in my mind: but, in short, if I was to attempt describing the variety of her perfections, I should not complete my letter before to-morrow night.

I mean not, my dearest mother, to arrogate any merit, when I tell you, that, from the death of my father, *your happiness* has been the first wish of my heart: in short, I have allowed your inclination to direct me, and I have enjoyed a secret satisfaction from this ready assent. Destitute of principle, and of feeling must be the man, who did not study the happiness of *such* a *parent* as mine. Oh! my beloved mother, I owe you more than language can express; but the very style of your last letter convinces me you are prejudiced; for it is totally different from those I have been accustomed to receive. Had I formed an attachment to such a woman as you seem to conceive my Eliza, the arguments you have made use of must have weakened my regard; but when I know that her virtues are such as to entitle her to your admiration, not even for *you* can I sacrifice the fond wishes of my heart. You tell me this is not a time to think of *marrying*, and that my thoughts and attention ought to be differently employed; I repeat to you, that it is *love* which excites the wish of high achievements, and gives an enthusiastic ardour to the mind.

I trust

I trust the time is not far distant, when I shall have an opportunity of evincing my bravery, and that you, my best of mothers, will feel proud of your son; for thousands of valiant spirits look forward to the invasion as an event in which their courage, their magnanimity, and their loyalty, will be displayed. When love and glory are together united, what dangers are they not able to encounter? what difficulties will they not overcome? For my part, I shall not only fight for my king, and my country, but for the parent whom I venerate, and the woman whom I love.

Adieu, my dearest mother. I shall wait impatiently for your answer; but whether it accords with, or disappoints, my wishes, I shall ever be

Your most affectionate Son,

October 8th, 1803. EDWARD LUMLEY.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY-LANE.

Nov. 2.

TO night, at an early hour, this Theatre exhibited a numerous and an anxious audience, full of high-wrought expectation, to *judge*—*The Wife of Two Husbands.* Her triumph has proved complete; and those who came disposed to be her rigid critics, departed her admiring and approving friends. This piece is by no means a translation; but rather an highly improved drama, founded upon Monsieur PIXERECOURT's Melodrame, entitled "*La Femme a deux Maris*," which was performed upwards of eighty nights last year at the *Ambigu Comique*, the principal of the Boulevarde Theatres of Paris; where the part of the *heroine* was sustained with much pathos by Madamoiselle L'EVEQUE; and that of the *Count* by TAUTIN. In the original there are but two female characters, and no music, except a few bars of appro-

priate tunes, introduced in the most striking passages, to assimilate the feelings of the audience to the passion which is to be represented. But the exquisite taste and judgment of MAZZINGHI has enriched the piece before us with some charming original music, and some well-selected old airs. The overture, which is new, was highly and deservedly applauded; as was Mrs. MOUNTAIN's first solo—"*To sleep's embrace with joy I fly.*" Mrs. BLAND, in *Nanette*, was encored in her sweet strain of simplicity—

"On the high and snowy mountains born,
"A Savoyard am I," &c.

The second act opened with a most expressive trio, by Mrs. MOUNTAIN, MISS DE CAMP, and Mrs. BLAND, which was rapturously encored. The symphony, at the close, possesses genuine melody:

——"Oh! has it hail'd the breeze of morn!
"Hark! 'tis the horn! hark! 'tis the horn!"

JOHNSTONE's duet, with Mrs. BLAND, in the same act, was repeated; and his humorous solo, in praise of Love and Whiskey, drew down thunders from the *Gods!* Upon the whole, the music, the scenery, and the acting, all contributed to secure to the piece a permanence of that approbation which was manifest from the commencement; so much so, that when BANNISTER came forward to announce the second representation of the piece, even his favourite voice could scarce be heard amidst the plaudits which received him. As to the performance, Mrs. POWELL, in the *Countess*, was truly pathetic and dignified. Her fine and bold break, where she arrests the curse just hovering on her father's lips, formed a grand contrast to the effect of the more gay parts of the plot. BANNISTER is always excellent in his line; and Irish JOHNSTONE has seldom appeared to more advantage than in this piece. But an high degree of praise indeed

is

is due to Miss DE CAMP, who in her single character included *many* excellencies. Her ballad *solo* was affecting, soft, and sweet; and her dancing, a most "agreeable surprise" indeed.

The performance of the play lasted till half past ten; and as a little pruning may be found necessary, perhaps it would not fall *unjustly* upon KELLY's part, which has nothing to do with the plot, nor does it form any portion whatever of the original play. Indeed, the deviations from the original (though frequent and numerous) are for the most part judicious: the dry old *Chaplain* is exchanged for a more lovely confidant in the person of Mrs. MOUNTAIN; and the part of the *Count's Uncle* (the old Major) is more agreeably supplied by the Irish Serjeant of JOHNSTONE. Mrs. BLAND and Miss TYRER, as singers, are happy additions; and though the *banditti* are not strictly necessary, nor indeed useful, to the plot, they yet constitute a bold finale. In the piece before us, *some* sacrifice of *naiveté* and simplicity has evidently been made to stage effect; and though the moral is unexceptionable, (and, bye the bye, the original is a German plot,) we do not conceive it *heightened* by introducing a banditti of robbers to *effect* justice. Perhaps these trifling points may be altered by a little judicious *pruning*; the branches may be too luxuriant; but the stock is excellent, and we do not hesitate to pronounce, it will yield golden and abundant fruit. The patriotic sentiments with which it abounds, are truly applicable, if not to the plot, at least to the times: they spoke to the heart, and were answered accordingly.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Nov. 5.

To night, a new Farce, entitled, "*Raising the Wind*," was performed for the first time, the characters of which were represented in the following manner.

Didler

Didler - - - - - - -	Mr. Lewis.
Fainwould - - - - - -	Mr. Simmons.
Sam - - - - - - - -	Mr. Emery.
Plainway - - - - - -	Mr. Blanchard.
Peggy Plainway - - -	Mrs. Beverly.
Miss Laurelia Durable -	Mrs. Davenport.

Didler is a young man, who having spent a fortune, is reduced to live by his wits. On this turns the whole piece. He is first put to his shifts to get a breakfast at a country inn, which he manages, however, at the expence of *Fainwould*, a thorough-bred Cockney, come down to marry the daughter of *Plainway*, a rich man in the neighbourhood. He also borrows a small sum from *Fainwould*, under pretence of paying the postage for letters; having, as he says, no change; and, finally, tricks him out of his mistress. This is done by a number of most ingenious contrivances, producing a train of whimsical and laughable incidents. The lady whom *Fainwould* was to marry, was in love with *Didler*, whom she had seen at Bristol-Wells, under the feigned name of *Mortimer*. Although reduced, by his pecuniary distresses, to artifices sufficiently mean, he is not destitute of generosity; and, after *Peggy Plainway* has consented to elope with him, and is in a post-chaise for that purpose, he voluntarily restores her to her father; who, in the end, consents to their union; an uncle of *Didler* having unexpectedly left him ten thousand pounds. *Fainwould* joins in the general good humour, and waves his claims to *Peggy*, on condition of being *respectfully* asked that favour; his foible being that of supposing he is every where treated with disrespect.

This farce is of the true English stamp, and the best we have seen for a great length of time. The incidents follow each other with that rapidity that not a moment is left for languor; and possess such gaiety, that it is impossible not to be pleased. The humour is the most unconstrained that can be imagined. All proceeds naturally

turally out of the character and situation of *Didler*, who meditates nothing, but whose invention is ready for every turn of fortune against him, of which there are many. We consider the opening of the piece as very dramatic and happy. *Sam*, a Yorkshire bumpkin, newly become waiter at an inn, has a good deal to do with *Didler;* and the writer, by a touch or two, has contrived to give his character distinctly, before the real business begins, without the appearance of any thing extraneous to it. In the other characters, there is nothing particular to notice. Never was a farce better played. LEWIS and EMERY, in *Didler* and *Sam*, kept the house in a roar of almost uninterrupted laughter. SIMMONS's *self-suspecting* Cockney was a correct, pleasing piece of acting. This farce deserved, and obtained, the most complete success. The plaudits were almost unremitting. The piece was given out for repetition with universal applause. The author, Mr. KENNY, we are informed, is a very young man. He has certainly commenced well; and we venture to predict him a happy career.

The following Prologue was spoken by *Mr. Claremont:*

Rules hard and various (so the Critics chuse)
Control the tragic and the comic Muse;
A polish'd air their classic steps should grace,
And sober caution must direct their pace:
But Farce, with playful trip, and frolic mien,
Gambols with licens'd freedom o'er the scene;
The utmost efforts of her art design'd,
Should five long acts of woe depress the mind,
By broadest mirth to dissipate the gloom,
And send you smiling to your suppers home.
As yet a stranger to dramatic fame,
Our author hath invok'd her mirthful name:
And since she best the critic brow unbends,
Beg'd her to introduce him to our friends.
Whim, as his title purports, is his view,
Yet he affects to have some moral too!
Raising the Wind—how various are the ways,
In life's precarious sea the wind to raise!
Yet still, by indolence or folly charm'd,
The trimmest barks are constantly becalm'd,

And

And oft by poverty pursu'd full chase,
The shifts of artifice their helms disgrace.
Now he would shew that her unworthy force
Serves but to drive them farther from their course.
Sure none will doubt him; yet in times like these,
Though vainly privateers may court the breeze,
Each bosom glows with patriot pride elate,
While scuds uncheck'd the vessel of the state,
While the Britannia proudly makes her way,
And Lloyd, her purser, tells us every day,
That while for glory bound she hoists her sail,
Britons can raise a never-ceasing gale.
May our new author claim the breath of praise,
And no dire squall of stormy censure, raise.
(To the Galleries)
Ye Gods! who o'er our atmosphere preside—
Gods, who the sins of authors loudly chide,
And, as becomes Olympians, when you please,
Can most effectually stir up a breeze,
This night espouse a young advent'rer's cause,
And be tempestuous only in applause.

ROYAL-CIRCUS.

Nov. 2.

THE appearance of the Mameluke Chief having been publicly announced at this place of amusement, the doors were surrounded at an early hour with a numerous body of visitants, all anxious to embrace the opportunity offered of having a fair view of the Bey. At six o'clock the doors were opened, the spectators rushed in, and in less than half an hour after, every part of the pit, boxes, and gallery, was completely occupied. The front box alone was selected for the Chief's reception. It was decorated, upon the occasion, with a rich crimson hanging fringed with gold, and in front was suspended a large crescent, which made a grand appearance. About seven o'clock the spectators began to express their fear of disappointment, as the object of their attention did not come. They were soon relieved from their painful suspence; his

his carriage arrived, and he was received by a guard of honour, composed of several of the Surry Volunteers, who saluted him as he passed on his way to the box, into which he walked with much dignity, amidst a thunder of plaudits. He was superbly dressed; his mantle was of white sattin edged with thick fur, and his robe of yellow silk, ornamented with diamonds; under the latter appeared his vest of pink and white stripes; and by his side hung a scymetar with a magnificent handle, that appeared to be a blaze of precious stones. His turban was of red silk, decked with gold, and a profusion of diamonds. He was accompanied on the lower seat by his interpreter, and several attendants, dressed in red, white and yellow turbans. Lord Blantyre was seated near him, with Colonel Steward, and a few other persons of distinction. The Bey was observed to pay but little attention to the stage; his eyes were principally directed to the display of female beauty, which was conspicuous in most of the boxes.

The gravity of his countenance frequently relaxed into a smile; and from his gestures, and the direction of his eyes, his conversation appeared to turn principally upon the fair sex. Being the greatest horseman in the world, the spectators expected to see him express much admiration at the feats of that description; he appeared attentive, but did not shew any great degree of approbation. The fighting scene in *Johnny Armstrong*, where the broad-sword is played, greatly delighted him; he was in raptures.

About half-past nine, the Bey gave notice to his attendants, he was inclined to retire; and immediately left the box. He was again saluted by the Surry volunteers in the same manner as at his coming, and drove off to his house in Berkeley-Square, the populace outside the Circus running up to the coach door to have the last gaze at him.

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

WALKING DRESSES.

1. A White Beaver Hat, ornamented with Roses. A Pelice of Purple Velvet, trimmed all round with deep Black Lace. A trained Petticoat of White Muslin. Swansdown Tippet.

2. White Sarcenet Bonnet, with Scarlet Flower, and short Lace Veil turned up in Front. Dress of Cambric Muslin, trimmed up the Front, and round the Bottom. A Green Sattin Spencer, trimmed round the Neck and Waist with a Broad White Lace. White Cords and Tassels. Buff Boots.

UNDRESS.

3. A Cambric worked Biggin, narrow Lace full round the Face. Cotton Tassels. The Hair in Short Ringlets in Front. A round Dress, with Collar to tie close to the Neck, shaped Sleeves, trimmed up the Front, and round the Bottom, in the Style of Military Ornament. A Foreign Shawl.

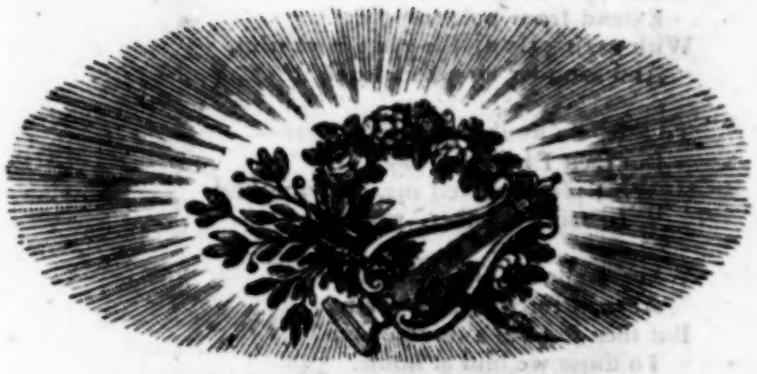
FULL DRESS.

4. A Dress of plain Muslin trimmed; short Sleeves, ornamented with Lace. Fashionable Head Dress of Hair, with White Ostrich Feathers. Buff Gloves and Shoes.

WALKING DRESSES. UNDRESS. FULL DRESS.

R. Sands del. et sculp.

BRITISH MUSEUM
3
OCT



The Apollonian Wreath.

LINES

Written on being asked whether I preferred Wet or Frosty Weather in Winter.

YOU ask'd me, Sir, the other day,
Which I should like the rather,
(Could I in Winter have my way,)
Or Frost, or rainy Weather?

I scorn to answer you in prose;
So having now the time,
I'll tear a few words limb from limb,
And try to do't in rhyme.

Then, truth to say, I like them both;
Only, not both together;
Each in its turn to me is sweet,
I can be pleas'd with either.

In Frost, 'tis sweet o'er fields to roam,
Inhaling the clear air;
And ev'ry beam of sunshine seems
Delicious, because rare.

To short, but clear and healthy days,
Succeeds a long, cold night:
Who feels the cold, when up to Heav'n
He turns his raptur'd sight?

Where sparkling myriads, worlds unknown,
  Extend from pole to pole;
With gazing tir'd, the eye grows dim,
  And wonder wraps the soul.

To this, no doubt, you will agree—
  But then I hear you say,
"What pleasure, tell me, can you find
  "In rainy weather, pray?"

Why, I allow, we cannot then
  Abroad for pleasures roam,
But then it gives a double zest
  To those we find at home.

The briskly-burning, chearful fire,
  The comfortable room,
Gain double value, when compar'd
  With the surrounding gloom.

Thus ev'ry season has its sweets,
  Each in its turn can please:
How wise that Power who made them such,
  How kind all his decrees!

ISABELLA.

ELEGIAC SONNET.

BY MR. HACKETT.

I saw my friends in evening circles meet;
  I took my vocal reed, and tun'd my lay;
I heard them say my vocal reed was sweet—
  Ah! fool to credit what I heard them say!

SHENSTONE.

WHILE stillness triumphs in its magic reign,
  And sleep lies lightly on the dewy eye,
I love to weave my solitary strain,
  And pour the breathings of the deepen'd sigh!
'Tis *one!*—the hour devoted to repose,
  And, still, the volume is before me spread;
'Twere better far that I had hush'd my woes
  On the soft pillow of my downy bed,
Than thus consume the ever-wasting oil.
  The slave of study, and the fool of fame,
In vigils, futile as the learned toil,
  That grasps a bubble, and that seeks *a name!*
Ah! John! 'twere wiser to suppress the flame,
That gains but envy, and excites but blame!

To Mrs. W——

On the Death of her Infant.

FAIR mourner, cease this unavailing grief,
Nor longer drown those eyes in floods of tears;
Oh give at length your troubled breast relief,
And let the voice of Reason soothe your cares.

Your little Harriet, ah, how sweet a child!
Form'd to engage a mother's fondest care;
Of winning actions, and of temper mild,
Her face than fairest lilies far more fair.

Yet more endearing blessings still remain;
A husband worthy of your truest love;
And other babes, to soothe your tender pain;
Which both amusement and delight must prove.

And think, dear Fanny, whose all-bounteous hand
Does still on you these various treasures shower;
Nor more repine at his divine command:
He takes in mercy, as he gives in power.

Your happy Harriet flies from earth's low scene,
To join on high the infant heavenly host;
Where love and peace, and bliss for ever reign,
And all the troubles of this world are lost.

Submit then to the Almighty's wise behest,
Nor longer mourn her passage to the skies;
Let reason interpose, and calm your breast,
And still be chearful, tho' your Harriet dies.

Hertford. LAVINIA SOPHIA

ON RELIGION.

HAIL, gentle Piety! unmingled joy,
Whose fullness satisfies, but ne'er can cloy;
Spread thy soft wings o'er my devoted breast,
And settle there an everlasting guest:
Religion prompts us to a future state,
The last appeal from Fortune and from Fate.

Hertford. LAVINIA SOPHIA.

ODE TO ENCOURAGEMENT.

IN ages past, when Time was young,
Ere Nature's bard inspir'd, had sung,
Love's wiles, or War's renown;
Great Jove the dawn of Science blest,
And sent to fan th' inventive breast,
A bright celestial down.

She came—o'er Greece she cast her eye;
Genius she saw neglected lie,
And took him to her arms:
She bade him hope a happier hour;
Her soothing voice, with magic pow'r,
His cheerless bosom warms.

And soon the canvas learn'd to glow,
The Muse to melt the soul with woe;
And music charm the ears:
The sluggish, rough, insensate stone,
Impassion'd does this influence own,
And Nature's self appears.

Then Learning rear'd her head sublime,
And Man, Experience snatch'd from Time,
By faithful History's light:
And Grecia's sons in Virtue grew,
In Wisdom, and in Pleasures too,
Till Freedom took to flight.

Scar'd at the Despot's iron sway,
She fled, and westward bent her way,
Where flourish'd Freedom's wreath:
Again the marble mimics life,
Soft music lulls the soul at strife,
The canvas seems to breathe.

Sweet Nymph! of heart-reviving tone!
May I thy pleasing influence own,
And share thy lively smile.
May generous Emulation run
Through ev'ry noble-minded Son,
Of Freedom's fav'rite Isle.

THE POOR BLIND LAD.

"GIVE something to a poor blind lad;"
And listen to my humble ditty,
And when you've heard my story sad,
You cannot sure withhold your pity.

For tho' a wand'ring orphan now,
I once was call'd my Father's joy;
And oft I've heard my Mother vow,
She never saw a prettier boy.

Past valued days!—I then could view
With careless eye the verdant fields;
And now, alas! I've bid adieu
To all the charms that Beauty yields.

Ah me! ere yet I knew their worth,
My dearest friends were snatch'd away!
And dire Misfortune, from my birth,
Had mark'd me for her proper prey.

To bring the wealth of India home,
My father brav'd the briny wave:
Would he had never known to roam!
For soon he found a wat'ry grave.

A foul eruption seiz'd my frame,
Small-pox of a most dreadful kind;
Alas! too late a good man came,
Intent to cure, but found me blind!

My mother, overwhelm'd with grief,
And by continual troubles worn,
Soon from her sorrows found relief—
She died, and left me quite forlorn.

And now I wander blind and poor,
Depriv'd of both my Mam and Dad;
And plaintive cry, from door to door,
"Give something to a poor Blind Lad."

ON SICKNESS.

BEHOLD pale Sickness comes with languid eyes,
At whose appearance all delusion flies:
The world recedes, its vanities decay;
Books please no more, and paintings fade away:
Gay robes no more the aching sight admires;
Wit grates the ear, and melting music tires:
These sliding joys in misty vapours end;
Yet let me still, still let me find a friend:
And when each joy, when each lov'd object flies,
Be thou the last to close my dying eyes.

Hertford, LAVINIA SOPHIA.

SONG. RELIEF.

LAURA.

I.

WHEN first young Henry caught my eye,
An inward thought produc'd a sigh;
'Twas all I gave—I know not why,
Yet something cheer'd my grief.
His heart seem'd form'd for love, 'tis true—
His eyes were of a lively blue;
The same the gipsey to me drew,
Which whisper'd—soft relief.

II.

Lone were the days in absence spent,
Far fled my former joy—Content—
In unsought paths my steps I bent—
My partner—silent Grief.
His form, by Fancy's hand pourtray'd,
I still beheld where'er I stray'd—
Until I Henry's self survey'd—
His love—the wish'd relief.

Oct. 10*th*, 1803. T. BIRD.

SONG. TRUE BEAUTY.

HENRY.

I.

IN mercy to mortals, lo! Cupid appears,
Spreading love all around by the touch of his dart:
Some, with vows made to wealth, he with carelessness hears;
But alone them he crowns, whose vows flow from the heart.
Tho' sweet blooming Beauty, with soft shaded hues,
Invites, by its gestures, the heart to fond duty,
'Tis a rose sure on earth; but the flower I'll chuse,
Is a well-cultur'd mind, the true myrtle of Beauty.

II.

With her through Life's gales then I'll prosperous steer,
No trouble shall damp me, if aught my bark meet;
And then, though Affliction should spring a sad tear,
'Twill vanish when Laura's affection I meet.
Tho' sweet blooming Beauty, with soft-shaded hues,
Invites, by its gestures, the heart to fond duty,
'Tis a rose sure on earth; but the flower I'll chuse,
Is a well-cultur'd mind, the true ever-green Beauty.

Oct. 10*th*, 1803. T. BIRD.

EPIGRAM.

" *Tempus nos terimus; terit et nos tempus*"—

" TIME wastes me away," says the drunkard, " each day,
" Ere I scarce have arriv'd at my prime."
" Hold, hold—not so fast"—says the scholar, in haste;
" For I think it is you that waste Time!"

Ch. Ch. Oxford. MUSIPHILUS.

SOLUTION OF THE CHARADE

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

A Tartar.

Correspondence, &c.

Received, and to appear in the next Number:—" The Cruel Father," *and* " Female Biography," *by* Mrs. P.—" To a Red Breast," *by* Dr. Perfect.—" Sonnet to a young Lady on her Birth-Day."—" Mary on her own Birth-Day."—J. N. R. *on the* " Fire Ball."—" The Victim of Seduction."—" Sonnet" *by* Ann Maria B.—" A Winter Piece."

We would advi L. S. G. *to place no more confidence in the person who handed her* " The Beau's Petition."

Mr. H—tt's *favors are received, and will all meet the public eye in due course; we are far from any inclination to slight his productions.*

The " Parody on Shakespeare" *comes from a favorite correspondent, and is pretty; but the subject has lost the charm of novelty.*

Edwin's *Communications are always acceptable; and we may venture to promise regular insertion.*

The Editor thanks J. Richards *for his favor; but to remark on his Book, does not fall within the present plan of the Lady's Museum.*

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